

MAN KILLING HORSE

THE WAY HE ACQUIRED HIS HATRED FOR HUMANKIND.

It all began with the cruel treatment he received in his colthood. Violent incidents that marked his downward career.

The development of a vicious horse from an innocent colt is described by Sewell Ford in one of the stories in "Horse Nine." The colt's disposition was first spoiled by ignorant and cruel handling on the farm of one Perkins. Then he was sold, and his subsequent career is thus pictured:

In the weeks during which he trailed over the fruit district of southern Michigan in the wake of the horse buyer Blue Blazes learned nothing good and much that was ill. He finished the trip with raw hocks, a hoof print on his flank and tooth marks on neck and withers. Horses led in a bunch do not improve in disposition.

Some of the scores the blue roan colt paid in kind, some he did not, but he learned the game of give and take. Men and horses alike, he concluded, were against him. If he would hold his own, he must be ready with teeth and hoofs. Especially he carried with him always a black, furious hatred of man in general.

So he went about with ears laid back, the whites of his eyes showing and a bite or a kick ready in any emergency. Day by day the hate in him deepened until it became the master passion. A quick footfall behind him was enough to send his hoofs flying as though they had been released by a hair trigger. He kicked first and investigated afterward. The mere sight of a man within reaching distance roused all his ferocity.

Toward his own kind Blue Blazes bore himself defiantly. Double harness was something he loathed. One was not free to work his will on the despondent driver if hampered by a pole and mate. In such cases he nipped manes and kicked under the traces until released. He had a special antipathy for gray horses and fought them on the smallest provocation or upon none at all.

As a result, Blue Blazes, while knowing no masters, had many owners, sometimes three in a single week. He began his career by filling a three months' engagement as a livery horse, but after he had run away a dozen times, wrecked several carriages and disabled a hostler he was sold for half his purchase price.

Then did he enter upon his wanderings in real earnest. He pulled street cars, delivery wagons, drays and ash carts. He was sold to unsuspecting farmers, who, when his evil traits cropped out, swapped him unceremoniously and with ingenious prevarication by the roadside. In the natural course of events he was much punished.

Up and across the southern peninsula of Michigan he drifted contentedly, growing more vicious with each encounter, more daring after each victory. In Muskegon he sent the driver of a grocery wagon to the hospital with a shoulder laceration requiring cauterization and four stitches. In Manistee he broke the small bones in the leg of a baker's large boy. In Cadillac a boarding stable hostler struck him with an iron shovel. Blue Blazes kicked the hostler quite accurately and very suddenly through a window.

Between Cadillac and Kalaska he spent several lively weeks with farmers. Most of them tried various taming processes. Some escaped with bruises and some suffered serious injury. At Alpena he found an owner, who, having read something very convincing in a horse trainer's book, elaborately strapped the roan's legs according to diagram and then went into the stall to wreak vengeance with a riding whip. Blue Blazes accepted one cut, after which he crushed the avenger against the plank partition until three of the man's ribs were broken. The Alpena man was fished from under the roan's hoofs just in time to save his life.

This incident earned Blue Blazes the name of "man killer," and it stuck. He even figured in the newspaper dispatches. "Blue Blazes, the Michigan Man Killer," "The Ugliest Horse Alive," "Alpena's Equine Outlaw"—these were some of the headlines. The Perkins method had borne fruit.

The Barred Road.
"There is only one road to success in life," said the man who had made his lucky and retired.

"And how shall I know the road?" inquired the budding young man.

"Well," replied the man with the lucky, "you go right along this path of adversity until you reach the first turn to the right."

"Yes, yes."

"And you'll find a road barred off with a gate and a sign that says 'No Trespassing.' Well, that's it."—Baltimore News.

Her Own Idea.
"Your daughter," said Mrs. Oldcastle after being conducted through the newly finished wing of the magnificent palace occupied by the Bullingtons, "has such a splendid vocabulary."

"Do you think so?" her hostess replied. "Joseph wanted to get her one of them encyclopedias, but I made up my mind right at the start that a vocabulary would look better in a room furnished like hers is even if it didn't cost quite as much."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Knew What He Meant.
"That grocer of ours speaks the most fragmentary English of any one I ever heard," said Mr. Precise.

"You mean 'broken English,' my dear," corrected Mrs. Precise. "You know he is a German."

"I mean fragmentary," repeated Mr. Precise. "The man stutters."—Judge.

A Disordered Stomach may cause no end of trouble. When the stomach fails to perform its functions the bowels become congested, the liver and kidneys congested, causing numerous diseases, the most fatal of which are painless and therefore the most to be dreaded. The important thing is to restore the stomach and liver to a healthy condition, and for this purpose no better preparation can be used than Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. For sale by Dr. Dunn, Tionesta, W. G. Wilkins, West Hickory.

SEATTLE, PORTLAND, LOS ANGELES are easily reached by Allen's special parties. Write H. C. Allen, C. P. & T. A. Nickel Plate road, Erie, Pa. AG-428

THE KIANGS OF INDIA.

These Wild Horses Are Victorious and Said to Be Unstoppable.

Writing of the kiangs, or wild horses, of India, found near the land of Tibet, Thomas W. Weber in "The Forests of Upper India and Their Inhabitants" says:

Here for the first time we saw the kiang, or wild horse. Several herds came to look at us as we marched and galloped around, neighing and kicking up, but kept at a respectful distance. They have big, ugly heads and tails and ears like a mule's and a black stripe down the back; color, light bay, with white noses. They have fine free action in trot and gallop and are fourteen to fifteen hands high, strong in the legs and heavy in the body. We were welcomed by the neighing of numerous wild horses to the land of the kiang. Several herds kept circling round, the old stallions approaching in a quite threatening manner, snorting, squealing and kicking up their heels, while the mares and foals galloped off at a more respectful distance. There was a herd of kiangs which circled about our camp in a most objectionable way, making the most fearful disturbances. We witnessed a battle royal between two stallions, which for a few minutes was a most exciting sight to have seen. Again and again the pair went at one another like tigers, biting and kicking and mauling, the blood flowing freely, while the fearful yells and roars they kept up were terrifying to hear. This went on for hours. The horrible roars and shriekings made by the wild horse when fighting sound something like a noise between a donkey's bray and the squealing of a jackal, but far more ear piercing and discordant. Here the kiang is found in considerable numbers. He is, according to the Hunia accounts, untaimable. There was a young one purchased at Bageswar fair from some Hunias for a small price. The purchaser thought he had a good bargain and proposed to send the animal to England, but when his men went to bring away the purchase no power could induce it to leave its foster mother, an old Aghet pony, which the clever Hunias refused to sell except for an exorbitant sum.

EXPERTS IN WOOD.
The Old Violin Makers and the Material They Used.
The great violin makers all lived within the compass of 150 years. They chose their wood from a few great timber forests in the south Tyrol and floated down in rafts—pine and maple, sycamore, pear and ash. They examined these to find streaks and veins and freckles, valuable superficially when brought out by varnishing.

They learned to tell the dynasty of the pieces of wood by touching them. They weighed them, they struck them and listened to judge how fast or how slow in answer to strings. Some portions of the wood must be porous and soft, some close of fiber. Just the right beam was hard to find. When found, it can be traced all through the violins of some great master and after his death in some of his pupils.

The piece of wood was taken home and seasoned, dried in the hot Brescia and Cremona sun. The house of Stradivari, the great master of all, is described as having been as hot as an oven. The wood was then soaked through and through with sunshine. In this great heat the oils thinned and shimmered slowly and penetrated far into the wood until the varnish became a part of the wood itself.

The old violin makers used to save every bit of the wood when they found what they liked to mend and patch and inlay with it. So vibrant and so resonant is the wood of good old violins that they murmur and echo and sing in answer to any sound where a number of them hang together on the wall, as if rehearsing the old music that they once knew.

Hard on the Ladies.
Very few remember the existence of a certain remarkable statute which was passed in the early days of George III, if indeed they ever heard of it. It runs to the effect that if any woman "sentences any of his majesty's male subjects into marriage by the use of any powders or paints or false hair or wood on the cheeks she shall be prosecuted for sorcery." What a cause celebre it would be if any of his present majesty's male subjects were to endeavor to put the law into action. What a rush there would be of fashionable ladies to secure front seats in court for the hearing.—London Tatler.

From the Father's Side.
Senator Grapher—Well, did Sterling say he'd vote for our bill?
Senator Mauchwitz—No; he said he couldn't imagine a bill of a more crooked and odious character.
Senator Grapher—Did you tell him I was fathering the measure?
Senator Mauchwitz—Yes, and he said he fancied the bill's characteristics had been inherited.—Philadelphia Press.

Hyphen Succeeds Hyphen.
The Professor—They have traveled safely along the happy journey until now their hopes are about to be realized.
Mrs. Malaprop—Yes, Cupid, the god of love, must now give way to Hyphen, the god of matrimony.—Kansas City Journal.

Humility is the virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.—Selden.

Mind is that which perceives, feels, remembers, acts and is conscious of continued existence.

GO WEST—CHEAPEST RATES
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Crocodiles in Water.

The crocodiles are thoroughly aquatic in their habits, and their peculiar conformation enables them to attack and seize their prey unawares. Their nostrils, which lead by a long canal to the back part of their throats, their eyes and their ears are placed on the upper part of the head, so that when in the water they can breathe, see and hear, while they are themselves practically invisible. When they dive, their nostrils and ears are closed by lids or valves, and their eyes are covered by a transparent nictitating membrane. They are further furnished with an arrangement which prevents the water from getting down their own throats when they are holding large animals under the water to drown them.

The dentition of these reptiles is peculiar. The teeth are sharp and conical and are hollow at the base, and each tooth serves as the sheath of another, which will in time replace it. The tongue—for notwithstanding the ancient belief the crocodile does possess a tongue—is fleshy and is attached to the bottom of the mouth. And finally the lower jaw is hinged at the very back of the skull, thus giving the animal its extraordinary gape and also the peculiar appearance which caused the notion that it moved its upper jaw.

Curious Fire Alarms.

In St. Petersburg the arrangement of fire alarms is rather peculiar and decidedly unique, and the fire alarm telegraph is an unknown thing. Instead a fireman is at all times in the tower of the city hall, and he watches the surrounding city to catch the first glimpse of a fire. When a fire is discovered during the day, he runs up black balls on the top of the tower as signals; at night red lanterns are used. The number of the balls or lanterns shows the district or ward in which the fire is located, says a writer on "Foreign Fire Fighters" in Cosmopolitan. As soon as the signal is seen by the man on duty at the engine house he rings a bell outside, which calls together the members of the company, who may be scattered over a couple of blocks. This method is not conducive to quick time in reaching the scene, and from twenty minutes to half an hour is good work unless the fire happens to be near an engine house.

Changed His Mind.

Jinks, like other men, has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. Recently Jinks met him with:

"Hello, Jinks! What do you think my girl said this morning? She's the brightest four-year-old in town. She said—"

Jinks sighed. "Excuse me, old man," he exclaimed. "I'm on my way to keep an engagement. Some other time—"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jinks is the handsomest man I know.' Haw, haw, haw! How's that for precocity, eh?"

And Jinks replied: "Binks, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy store and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."—New York Times.

Good Paste.

Not every man can make a good flour paste that can be preserved without decay or mold. When such a paste is needed, try the following: Mix good, clean flour with cold water into a thick paste and continue mixing until the flour and water are well blended. Now add boiling water and stir until it is thin enough to spread with a brush. Add to this a spoonful or two of brown sugar, a little corrosive sublimate and a few drops of oil of lavender and you will have a paste that will hold with wonderful tenacity.

In Holland.
Many of the country dames and damsels in Holland look as if they had been brought up on soap and water. Their faces glisten so preternaturally, their pots and pans, the red tiles of their floors, their tables and benches all bear witness so unmistakably to their cleanliness and order. I suppose a fly in the butter they were churning or a mixed foot on the boards they have but just scrubbed would be as nearly likely to give them a fit as anything could be.—Chambers' Journal.

A Giant Emperor.
Maximilian, the giant Roman emperor, could twist coils into corkscrews, powder hard rocks between his fingers and do other seemingly impossible things. When angered, he often broke the jaw of a horse or the skull of an ox with his fist. His wife's bracelet served him for a ring, and every day he ate sixty pounds of meat and drank an amphora of wine.

Retrospection.
A Scotchman had two sons, one of whom was a doctor and the other a clergyman, of whom he was very proud. "If I had kept," said he, "that one of my sons was to be a medicine man and the other a minister, I would never have had and Jenny McCosh for their mother."

Doctors Make No Mistakes.
Patient—But, doctor, only last week you said I would surely die, and today you see I am as well as I ever was.
Doctor—Sir, I never make a mistake in a diagnosis. Your ultimate demise is only a matter of time.—Chicago News.

A Strong Hint.
Harduppe—Say, old man, I believe I owe you an apology.
Freeman—Well, I've heard it called a V, a fiver, a snuff plunk and five bones, but never an apology before!

Pretty nearly every ninety pound woman has an ambition to be managing editor of a 240 pound man.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Danger of Colds and Grip.
The greatest danger from colds and grip is their resulting in pneumonia. If reasonable care is used, however, and Chamberlain's Cough Remedy taken, all danger will be avoided. Among the tens of thousands who have used this remedy for those diseases we have yet to learn of a single case resulting in pneumonia, which shows conclusively that it is a certain preventive of that dangerous disease. It will cure a cold or an attack of the grip in less than time than any other treatment. It is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by Dr. Dunn, Tionesta, W. G. Wilkins, West Hickory.

How about your stock of Stationery?
Look it up then, call and see us.

A Lucky Big Winning.

"On the old days," said a Colorado man, "Senator Tom Bowen came to Denver from Arkansas down on his luck. Steve Dorsey had just defeated him for the United States senate. "Tom didn't seem to catch on in Denver, though he was a good lawyer. He was run down at the heel, and he took to pin pool to kill time. The stakes were usually a round of drinks and a bunch of mining stocks, the par value of the stocks represented being entirely consistent with the cost of paper and the price of printing. It was always a real hardship on Tom when he lost. The drinks had to be paid for in cash, you know. But he seldom lost, and, do you know, the little woman at home used to go through his pockets every night for mining stocks.

"Well, one day there was a high strike in a prospect not so very far from Denver, and in telling his wife about it the future senator sighed that he wished he owned a few shares. 'I think you do, dear,' answered the little woman, and then to make sure she went and looked over her possessions. To make a long story short, Tom Bowen went downtown that afternoon with securities worth half a million in his pocket, and he remembered that he had won them all in a single half day not long before."—New York Telegram.

Objected to Free Puffs.

John Knapp of the St. Louis Republican had little use for press agents, and it took a mighty shrewd man to get a free puff from him. He never would publish a lawyer's or a doctor's name if he could avoid it, for fear they might derive some benefit from the free advertisement. It is said that one morning mention was made in the Republican—a man having died of Bright's disease. Old man Knapp hunted up the proofreader and called him into the private office.

"Why did you let that get into the paper?" asked the old man, indicating with his forefinger the objectionable paragraph.

"I don't see but that's all right," said the reader.

"You don't, eh?" snapped old man Knapp. "You don't, eh? Do you think we want to advertise that man Bright for nothing? He never had an ad. in this paper in his life."

Manx Cats.

The peculiar breed of cats found in the Isle of Man differs from others only in that they have no tails, and the lack thereof is the insoluble puzzle to naturalists. Since it has become the fashion to explain everything by the principles of evolution, two theories have been offered—one that, owing to the limited range and lack of dense forests, the original cats had no use for tails, and consequently they (the tails, not the cats) gradually atrophied for lack of use and became rudimentary; another that the primitive Manx cut off all their cats' tails and in the course of time developed a tailless breed. One thing is certain—the cats are there, and they have no tails.

The Public Spirited Father.

"Sir," said the proud mother to the popular author, "my son, who is now fourteen years old, admires you greatly. He also is an author. He has written a number of stories, and I would have so liked to have you read and criticize them."

"Ah!" said the popular author, breathing hard.

"But his father put all of them into the stove."

"I should like to make the acquaintance of such a man," said the author with enthusiasm. "He has the spirit of a Roman father."—Indianapolis News.

Dressing It Up.

A Jasper county farmer paid a high tribute to the literary talents of a Carthage real estate agent the other day. He decided to sell his place and got a real estate agent to write a notice. When the agent read the notice to him, he said, "Read that again." After the second reading he said: "I believe I'll not sell. I've been looking for a place of that kind all my life and didn't know I had it until you described it to me."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Amateur Might Do as Well.

"Tell the truth, now. You are a professional beggar, are you not?" said the face faced individual who had been approached.

"I used to think I was," replied the weary wayfarer, "but since 12 cents is all I have to show for a day's work I am forced to the conclusion that I am merely an amateur."—Stray Stories.

A Jerrold Retort.

When Albert Smith grew tired of being the butt of Douglas Jerrold's wit, he one day plaintively remarked, "After all, Jerrold, we row in the same boat."

"Yes," answered the clever playwright, like a flash of lightning, "but not with the same skulls."

Human Nature.

"What are the respective ages of the father and the son?"
"Well, I judge that the former is over fifty, because I notice he likes to be called 'my boy,' and that the latter is under twenty-five, for the reason that it pleases him to be addressed as 'old man.'"—Smart Set.

The Unexpected Reunion.

St. Peter—Which wife do you want to live with?
Shade—Are they all here?
St. Peter—Yes.
Shade—I thought you said this was heaven!—Detroit Free Press.

He Wipes His Forehead.

She—Don't you always shiver when you pass the cemetery?
He—Not I. I'm going to be cremated.—Columbian Jester.

The Pioneer Limited.

Between Chicago and St. Paul the train of trains is the Pioneer Limited of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. It has no equal and it runs over the Fast Mail route. If you are going that way be sure to take the Pioneer Limited Booklet free.

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Look Out for These Signs.

Pain in the back, a giddy sensation or headache, palpitation of the heart, a mallow complexion, a bad taste in the morning, flatulence and fullness of the stomach, costiveness, loss of sleep, cold feet and feeble circulation. Is there a sediment in your urine, or a scum on it after it has stood for twelve hours? Is it stringy andropy? Are you sure that albumen, the most vital element of the body, is not being wasted away in the urine? Does the urine stain your clothing? Do you have an unusual or scanty supply? Do you get tired easily? Is your breath short? Do your feet and ankles swell? Do you have Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Gout? Take immediate warning; do not wait; you will get worse instead of better. Barosma and Dandelion and Mandrake Pills will cure you and save a doctor's bill. \$1.00 a bottle, or six for \$5.00. All druggists.

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To F. A. MILLER,

General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Ry.

Dear Sir: I congratulate you on the improved service that you are giving and the fact that you now have a through line to California. This fulfills a prophecy which I made about 1873 or '74. The new departure for the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway will certainly bring it a great deal of business.

GEO. H. DANIELS, Gen. Passenger Agent, N. Y. Central & Hudson River R. R.

The above shows something of the tremendous interest taken in the inauguration of through service to Nebraska, Colorado, Utah, California and North Pacific Coast points by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway, in connection with the Union Pacific Railroad. Railroad men to-day predict its great popularity, as Mr. Daniels, a generation ago, predicted that such a natural route would some day become an important part of the great transcontinental highway.

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